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MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 1910.

TAFT PRESENTS HIS CASE.

President Taft's letter to Chairman McKinley, of the Republican Congressional committee, given publicity to-day, is a model of good form and creditable to the real leader of the dominant party.

Its perusal is particularly refreshing after the platitudes and fulminations with which the reading public has been surfeited these past momentous days.

It is a rational, argumentative appeal, and opens the campaign sensibly and sanely. That, with this admirable beginning, the campaign will be conducted sensibly and sanely, however, is too much to hope, considering the internecine strife, the mounting ambitions of men, the maneuvering for position, and all that has gone before in connection with the Republican imbroglio.

The administration's case is presented strongly. There have been achievements—actual achievements—in the direction of progress. Whether the country, in this period of unrest and fault-finding, will pause and rightly appraise these achievements remains to be seen. Probably not. But they are of record, can not be blotted out, and will be properly appraised by a dispassionate people some time, if not now.

However we may differ as to the adjustment of the tariff, the best conservation policy, the solution of transportation problems, we must, in all fair-mindedness, give the Taft administration credit for accomplishing things—for making headway along progressive lines. And it is the more creditable, in view of the trying, troublous situation—an inheritance—that beset the new regime from its inception.

We may not feel that the tariff was revised as it should have been. On our own part, we believe that the revision fell far short of Republican promises, and the party opposition the bill encountered was abundantly justified. But at the same time we can not be unmindful of the fact that this work of revision was quite as well done as any previous tariff adjustment at either Republican or Democratic hands. The result, so unsatisfactory to the masses, only illustrates anew the impossibility of equitable tariff legislation by Congress. Whether the commission plan of adjustment, the correction of inequalities piecemeal by experts—the business-like plan to which the President is now committed—will ever be worked out is problematical decidedly. But here again is credit due for the undertaking. It is worth remembering, too, that, although McKinley's last public utterance counseled a new tariff system in keeping with the country's changed conditions and demands, the seven years of the reform era ensuing produced no change at all. It was reserved for the present administration to take up the burden.

If there is any issue in the conservation row, other than an issue involving methods and men, it is not discernible. Certainly this administration has sought as persistently to conserve our natural resources as did its predecessor, even if a noisy propaganda has not accompanied its work. And the same is equally true—more markedly true, in fact—of the trust and railroad problems.

Only a little while ago Theodose Roosevelt, about to go into voluntary retirement, was telling us that William Howard Taft, his successor, would make a better President than he; that he, Theodore Roosevelt, had pioneered and blazed the path, but Taft would build the roads and do the constructive work. Or words to this effect.

But sixteen months later Theodore Roosevelt, in a sweep through the West, is giving his trip deep and far-reaching significance by studiously avoiding a reference to his successor. Perhaps, after he reads this letter to Chairman McKinley—this first keynote of the campaign, rationally phrased, with not a word of censure of anybody, but calmly and modestly reviewing what has been done—perhaps then Theodore Roosevelt will tell the world whether he approves or disapproves. Upon this breaking of silence will hinge the fortunes of the Republican party in the present campaign. And upon it also, no doubt, will hinge the political future of Theodore Roosevelt.

Meanwhile, as we have said before, the conviction is growing upon us that the warring Republicans will be brought to their senses by the result in November, and that a rehabilitated Democratic party will make for the country's good.

Welcome to the Wiener Akademische Gesangverein. Thrice welcome; but we will be obliged if you will excuse us from spelling it thrice!

Father's Inning.

Mrs. Cort Meyer, who has studied the Indian problem exhaustively, and therefore speaks authoritatively, says:

"Seeing the white man do things that were formerly left to the squaws, the Indians have learned something of the dignity of labor."

This assertion is not only timely; it is extremely gratifying and satisfactory. The fallacy that everybody works but father is ill-founded—thanks to Lew Dockstader—and ought to have been exploded long ago. We rejoice that it has been exploded at last, and that the fuse was ignited by a woman.

Fathers are not as important on this earth as mothers are, of course. No person of discretion and circumspection would assert otherwise. And yet fathers are useful and deserve a great deal of praise for doing as well as they do.

The fact that the Indians have learned to appreciate the worthiness of the white father simply by observing how well the white father treats his wife, how he lifts burdens from her shoulders and undertakes much heavy labor in her behalf, speaks volumes for the Indians' intelligence and perceptive powers, the while it also sounds a note of praise for father that is not to be passed over unnoticed.

The truth is, the American father is, perhaps, the best father in the world. Take him all in all, he loves his family, is true to it, and works incessantly, day in and day out, that it may be happy, comfortable, and contented. He does not appropriate the best fruits of his labor to his own behoof and benefit, either. He generally serves himself last, and if, in the distribution of the chicken every Sunday, his share runs largely to wings and necks, he enters no vociferous complaint, but rejoices rather that the other members of the family are, through his sacrifice and unselfishness, enabled to revel in the luxuries of second joints, breastbones, drumsticks, and so on.

He may speak in stentorian tones occasionally, but that his bark is worse than his bite his family knows in its heart, no matter how subdued and awed the various members thereof may appear when the barking is in progress.

In the name of the great American father, we thank Mrs. Cort Meyer for her kind, cheerful, and encouraging words.

Reducing the size of the bank notes won't make any of our rolls seem larger.

The Distinguished Pragmatist.

By the death of Prof. William James, of Harvard, the world loses one of its great leaders in modern thought and America its most distinguished, brilliant, and influential philosopher. Born in 1842 of a literary family and educated at Harvard, he early became deeply interested in psychology and, appointed professor of philosophy in 1880, he was made Alford professor of philosophy in 1885, a position he held until succeeded by Hugo Munsterburg, when Prof. James became professor emeritus and a member of Harvard faculty.

Known the world over as a ripe scholar, he was a corresponding member of most of the learned societies of Europe and had received degrees from many European universities.

The thing that distinguishes Prof. James above other scholars is, perhaps, the fact that he converted the results of his scientific knowledge to the uses of humanity. Devoting himself largely to psychology he was not, on that account, a specialist; he was equally at home as anatomist, physiologist, philosopher, religious teacher, man of letters, and humanist. He never sought to popularize science, but, on the other hand, he was firm in his belief that philosophy was to be used for the benefit of mankind. He was able to make abstruse theories clear to the unscientific mind, and his scheme of philosophy insisted upon the right of faith. In nothing is his service to the world greater than in the work he did to rescue modern philosophy from agnosticism.

In his later years Prof. James came much before the public by his writings on pragmatism, which he advanced as a method of philosophical inquiry. According to James, pragmatism is judging by results, a breaking away from that system of philosophic inquiry that busies itself with chopping logic, with elaborate syllogisms to prove what is palpably false. According to Prof. James, whatever it is expedient to believe is truth.

The result of Prof. James' efforts have been to make philosophy a living and real thing; a science that stimulates and revivifies the intellectual life of the nation, and undoubtedly the work and the influence of Prof. James have added vastly to the forces of thought of his time. It is a force, we believe, that will gather strength with the years.

Well, after such a baseball week as that, what do we care whether Joe Cannon is the next Speaker or not?

The dispatches say: "He saw the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians who are left." The recent developments in the Gore charges seem to indicate that most of them have been left.

Looking over the returns from Georgia, it would be unfair to withhold congratulations from Representative Thomas W. Hardwick, who comes back to Congress with flying colors. Mr. Hardwick faced the most bitter and unrelenting opposition of any Georgian asking re-election to the House. He was opposed vehemently and unsparingly by that intrepid fighter, Tom Watson. Nevertheless, Mr. Hardwick won handsomely—carrying Mr. Watson's own county, in fact.

If Mr. Longworth has anything further to say, perhaps it will be just as well if he does not say it.

Add "Superfluous information:" "Roosevelt was cheered wildly at every station along the line."

"Frost in Nebraske," read a headline in an esteemed contemporary. It did not concern Mr. Bryan, however.

"Can it be that the 'old guard' is only a corporal's guard?" inquires the New York Post. Perhaps—but who is the corporal?

And yet, it hardly seemed probable that Mr. Joseph Sibley ever would buy a gold brick.

When "Uncle Sam" set forth to annex a section of royalty it does seem that he might have acquired something better than the Sultan of Sulu.

Some tears will be shed, perhaps, that "Uncle Lon" Livingston is not coming back to Congress, but there will not be enough of them to float a battle ship.

With thirty-five correspondents trailing the colonel, everybody ought to be able to find something to his liking in the newspapers these days.

Aviation is more spectacular, perhaps, but the fact should not be overlooked that one of our new torpedo boats goes out every day or so and breaks a bunch of records.

King George is a stamp collector, and that fact has provoked some ridicule from certain quarters. It must be admitted, nevertheless, that it is better and nobler to be a stamp collector than it is to be a trouble maker—and George might be that, if he so inclined.

"This seems to be an off year with the Republican party," observes the Los Angeles Express. Badly off its trolley this year—if that is what you mean.

"Castro's troubles are increasing," says the Pittsburg Dispatch. We know; but we have troubles of our own.

Even the announcement that Halley's comet was not Halley's comet fails to stir up any particular enthusiasm at this time.

Away down in his heart of hearts it is doubtful whether "Uncle Joe" expected anything better of Nic. Longworth, anyway.

Every time that Democratic donkey "hee-haws" these days it makes the G. O. P. elephant very, very tired.

"What sort of pin is used to pin one's faith to anything?" inquires the Deseret News. Why, an o-pin-ion, of course—not that we care particularly for this style of paragraphing, however.

"Mr. Roosevelt is taking an extraordinarily long trip," says the Baltimore Sun. Some people incline to think the colonel is taking some extraordinarily long chances, too.

It may be, as the Nashville American says—although we doubt it—that a majority of the Democrats of Tennessee wish Patterson to be governor again; but it is painfully evident that a majority of the people of Tennessee do not. And the Democracy of Tennessee may do well not to overlook that fact.

Grown-ups may abuse August ever so strenuously, but the small boy, viewing with alarm the opening of the school year, will see nothing whatever wrong with it.

A bank note that had been in circulation seventy-seven years was returned recently to one of the subtreasuries. A regular old rounder, as it were.

A doctor says "the human race will never be saved until kissing is abolished." Too bad, of course. But we shall never be saved if that doctor is correct. The price he prescribes is too high.

The sudden and positive subsiding of the Crippen sensation was one of the most pleasing events of the midsummer.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said: "He knows it all—our precious Ted!"

"We have never known people to reject a good thing when offered them," says the Mobile Register. Did the Register ever try them with some of its choicest and most matured political advice?

"Now watch the jokesmith get to work on the Hokesmith," says the Norfolk Landmark. Perhaps it may as well be conceded right now that Hoke is no joke.

"There is still a chance for Halley's comet," says the Springfield Union. But not to get top o' column next to pure reading matter.

"Some men when clothed with authority show a mighty sorry fit," says the Omaha Bee. Also throw a mighty sorry fit.

Having failed to defeat Representative Hardwick in the primaries, Mr. Thomas E. Watson now says he will force Hardwick to resign from Congress. We have considerable faith in Mr. Watson's ability to achieve results along certain lines, but we propose to occupy a place high up on the fence and watch him endeavor to pull off this stunt, however.

It has, perhaps, occurred to the G. O. P. elephant that it is a wrong road that has so many turnings.

Post-vacation Note.

From the Dallas News.

When a man comes home from a summer resort with ten or fifteen dollars in his pocket it is a sign that his wife was with him.

LURE OF THE WESTERN SEAS.

Wind of the West, with your cadence sweet,
And your croon of the deep-sea lands,
You bid me go, and my restless feet
Would stray to the distant strands.
When the dusk of the night enshrouds the mart,
And I hark to the ebb and flow
Of the waste of sea, then with longing heart
I'd go where the Cross hangs low.

There's a ship in the bay with blistered sides,
That has come from the lands afar;
See! How she dips to the swell and rides
With her nose to the harbor bar!
Make way you lifeless son of land,
Who never the sea can know—
The old man calls, for he wants a hand—
She's ready, and I must go!

—Pacific Monthly.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MATRIMONIAL MUSIC.

A girl bestows her hand so fair
Upon a young man strong.
Then life instanter for the pair
Becomes a grand, sweet song.

But when she sues him for divorce
A dreadful change we see.
Then married life becomes perforce
A "plaintiff" melody.

Pretty Good Proof.

"Is he on the level in this fight?"

"Yes."

"What makes you think he expects to win?"

"He's having a monologue written."

Could Wait.

"Why didn't you stop to ascertain how badly the man was injured?" demanded the judge.

"Why," explained the chauffeur, "I knew I could find out from the daily papers."

For Ready Reference.

"My wife is very systematic."

"So?"

"Yes; keeps a neat card index of the contents of her pocketbook."

Very Popular.

He numbers up his friends by scores,
He's popular with folks;
And all because he always roars
At other people's jokes.

The Modern Polonius.

"Now, my boy, don't expect to work wonders in this world."

"All right, dad."

"You can get quicker returns by working suckers."

Over His Head.

"Horse ran away with you, eh?"

"Yes; I was right on the edge of a bog when the darn horse stopped."

"Lucky for you he stopped."

"Not so very. I kept on going."

Applied Science.

"What do they mean by applied science?"

"It's this way. Suppose you have a scientific idea that is of no earthly use to anybody?"

"Yes."

"Well, you write a magazine article on the subject. There's good money in it."

More Time.

"Then you find the fireless cooker a convenience?"

"Yes, indeed. Now I can join another bridge club."

EUGENE ARAM'S CRIME.

Official Records of Murder Committed in 1744 Under Hammer.

From the London Chronicle.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

So ends Hood's poem, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," in which the principal figure in an historic murder of 166 years ago—at the time of his arrest an usher at a school in King's Lynn—is made to tell the story of his crime. To-day eleven original documents relating to the case will come under the hammer at Messrs. Sotheby's.

The documents, which a representative was able to examine, are the official records of the coroner, John Theakston, whose duty it was to investigate the circumstances of the crime. They consist principally of the witnesses' depositions, including those of Anna Aram, the murderer's wife. All are well preserved and easily decipherable.

It was on February 8, 1744, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, that Daniel Clark (Aram's victim) suddenly disappeared. Fourteen years after—in August, 1758—workmen digging for stone on Thistle Hill came upon the skeleton of a man. An inquest was held, and the jury found that the remains were those of the missing man, Clark, adding in the old-time phrase that he had met his death at the hands of some person or persons "not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil."

Suspicion fastened upon Richard Houseman, an acquaintance of Clark, and he was arrested. Houseman then declared that the bones which had been found were not those of the missing man, though he admitted that Clark had been murdered. In consequence of information which he gave, a search was made at St. Robert's Cave, where another skeleton was found, and Coroner Theakston again summoned a jury, who satisfied themselves that these were the remains of Clark.

Houseman asserted that Aram had killed Clark near the cave in the course of a quarrel about some goods which they were to share. Strong circumstantial evidence was given by Aram's wife, whose story is thus recorded:

"That about 2 o'clock in the morning the said Daniel Clark and one Richard Houseman came with her husband home, and came upstairs to the room where she was, and stayed about an hour. Clark said that he must soon be moving. That they then all went out of the house together, and where they went she knows not, and when Clark came to the door he took up a sack and laid it upon his back; and when they went out it was about 3 o'clock.

"That about 5 o'clock the same morning her husband came back, and Houseman with him, and her husband came upstairs. She asked what they had been doing, but he would not give her any answer. * * * That when she came down in the morning all the ashes were taken away from out of the grate below stairs. That she examined the ashes, which were thrown in the yard, and found some pieces of linen and woolen cloth. That nothing was missing of any cloth of the family."

Though he protested his innocence, Aram was convicted and executed. The documents which are to be offered for sale to-day have come down to the present owner from his ancestor, Coroner Theakston.

The Time to Stop.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.

"Well, major, how do you tell when you have been drinking enough to stop."

"Well, sah, when Ah gets to that point, sah, Ah cayn't say rural free delivery so as to be understood distinctly. Ah know it is time to stop, sah, before I gets intoxicated."

A Boy's Specialty.

From the Dallas News.

A boy is an animal who can spill water and soap suds all over the bathroom without getting any of them on himself.

The Cost of Dress.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A woman may dress modestly on $600 a year; it costs a lot more to dress immodestly.

VANITAS VANITATUM!

(A sonnet.)

"And I preach ye the Gospel of Salvation by work."

Vainest of all vain things it is to think
That we are strong enough to walk alone;
Godless to strive, or by ourselves atone
For sins that draw our hearts to sorrow's brink.
One cup of knowledge, sure, we all must drink;
That we shall reap whatever we have sown;
Only God's love can bind us link by link
To pardon's fount that ripples from His throne.

By service—and by prayer alike—our lives
Are drawn to heaven and to peace and rest.
He also prays who always bravely strives;
Tho' erring oft, still strives to do his best.
Brave deeds, not words, to God shall bind us fast,
And prayers of work well done shall save our souls at last.

HECTOR FULLER.

FOR AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

Columbia University Has Established Such a Course of Training.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A course in after-dinner speaking has been established at the summer school of Columbia University. Training in elocution is part of the curriculum of a great many colleges, but this is probably the first time special provision has been made for instruction in the theory and practice of post-prandial eloquence.

Two-thirds of those who have elected the course at Columbia are women, one of them a negress. There is a strong suspicion that many of the feminine contingent are seeking to qualify for suffragettehood. The male membership of the class includes a couple of Japanese; there is nothing taught or learned under the sun nowadays without the presence of representatives of Nippon as pupils—or professors. The only drawback to the new departure is that although there are after-dinner speeches, there is no dinner beforehand.

Nobody can deliver a genuine after-dinner speech unless he has undergone the preliminary discombort of trying to eat and to rehearse his speech simultaneously. The mental and physical status of the man who is about to be called upon for a speech are closely interelated. He listens to the remarks of his right-hand neighbor with a vacant, lack luster eye. He is afraid he will forget his jokes, his statistics, his apt illustrations. He cannot enjoy his canvasback duck, his salad or his coffee for the thought of the ordeal to come. If only he could be advanced a few numbers ahead of the long winded speakers! If only the toastmaster would get through what he has to say, and sit down, and not steal all his thunder! These are the circumstances that make the delivery of an after-dinner speech almost as much of an infliction and exacerbation of the spirit for the speaker as for the hearers.

On a recent occasion a long distance talker had spoken for fifty-eight minutes—and that with his open-face watch lying on the table before him. At the end of this time he said: "This is such a large subject I hardly know where to begin." Every man present groaned and slumped in his chair, involuntarily. "Or where to end," added the speaker. The auditors revived. The speech was concluded after an hour and five minutes had elapsed.

One sympathizes at such times with the railway magnate who said of the clergyman that he had poor terminal facilities. A preacher at Yale asked President Hadley how long his sermon should be. "There is a tradition here," said the educator, genially, "that no souls are saved after twenty minutes."

Is there any real use in enlarging the annual crop of after-dinner orators? Aren't there enough as it is?

Distance Lends Enchantment.

From Tit-Bits.

Hob—Would you like to see women voters at the polls?

Nob—Yes, indeed. At the north and south poles.

OUR SUNDOWN DOCTORS.

A Species of Medical Practitioner Peculiar to National Capital.

From the New York Sun.

"Sundown doctors" are an institution peculiar to the National Capital. They are physicians who practice their profession only after sundown.

From 9 o'clock in the morning until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon they are holding down desks in various departments of the Federal government. When their daily task for Uncle Sam is done they take up that pertaining to their profession.

There are many sundown doctors in the employ of the government at Washington. In many cases medical students with little means secure clerkships in the departments in order that they may provide themselves with a living while they are finishing their medical courses. Their diplomas thus laboriously acquired, they enter tentatively upon the practice of medicine, holding on, however, to their government jobs until they shall be firmly established professionally.

Nor are all sundown doctors mere clerks. Not a few of them hold chiefships of division, a circumstance which, of course, renders the act of resignation from the government service a still more unlikely event than in the case of a simple clerk. No matter how earnestly a sundown doctor may tell himself that some day he will quit the departmental service to engage exclusively in the practice of his profession, he generally deceives himself.

GREYHOUND JOINS COYOTES.

Pet of an Oregon Farmer Responds to the Call of the Wild.

From the Portland Oregonian.

A once tame greyhound, owned by Martin Smith, of Sandy, has become wild and now lives with the coyotes it formerly chased in the surrounding hills.

It has been three years since this greyhound heard and responded to the call of the wild, and it has never ventured back to his old home in Sandy except to come to the outskirts to steal chickens from hen roosts.

The companion of this greyhound is a coyote, and they have frequently been seen together running through the outskirts of Sandy. Several persons have tried to get photographs of the strange couple, but have failed.

The greyhound has lost all desire to return to his former home, and has become even more wild than his companion. The animal has quite a history, having been raised from a puppy in the neighborhood. One day he disappeared from his home, and several weeks afterward was seen with the coyote which has been his constant companion ever since.

For Personal Safety.

From the Youngstown Telegram.

"I would like to become an actor. What would you advise me to do for a start?"

"You might get a place with one of the companies that produce moving picture dramas."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Birthday of John Locke—August 29.

To-day is the birthday of the eminent English philosopher, John Locke, whose wonderful "Essay on the Human Understanding" was the first work which attracted attention in England to metaphysical speculation. The chief purpose of this "essay" was to find the original sources and scope of human knowledge. The conclusions he arrived at in this study were that there is no such thing as an "innate idea;" that the human mind is a sheet of white paper, prepared to be written upon; that the knowledge thereon written is supplied by experience, and that "sensation" and "reflection" are the two sources of all our ideas.

John Locke was born in an atmosphere of puritanism, but his whole life was a battle against the enemies of freedom in worship and freedom from every unnecessary political restraint. Wrighton, England, and 1632 was the place and date of his birth, and Oates, England, October 28, 1704, the place and date of his death. His father was a captain in the Parliamentary army, and fought for the principles of the Puritans. John was reared in this environment, but he was at school while the contest raged. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, and was a student for many years through the necessity of the times when he would have preferred a broader acquaintance with men of action.

When a young man he gained the favor of Lord Ashley, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury. Locke was the first who correctly diagnosed this nobleman's trouble—for he had studied medecine for a considerable time—which was due to an abscess in the chest, and the operation that Locke recommended is supposed to have saved Lord Ashley's life. The result was a close and permanent friendship between the two men. Locke lived at Ashley's house in London, and met there the most distinguished characters of the time. He superintended the education of the nobleman's son and grandson.

At the bidding of Ashley, Locke drew up the fundamental laws of Carolina in America which had been granted to his patron and seven others, and it is noteworthy that the philosopher, while incorporating in his scheme of government the complete religious tolerance which he advocated, was careful to preserve the principles of aristocracy and monarchy. Locke was a very practical man.

Lord Ashley became the Earl of Shaftesbury and lord chancellor, and Locke was appointed to a place in the government. Afterward, when Shaftesbury was charged with high treason and took refuge in Holland, many devices were employed to obtain from Locke an expression of sympathy with the exiled nobleman or of criticism of the government, but the philosopher was too wary to be thus entrapped.

Later he followed Shaftesbury to Holland, and while he was there an effort was made to identify him with the project of the invasion of England by the Duke of Monmouth, but it was unsuccessful. He was wise enough, however, to discern the elements of success in the revolution of 1688, and he cast in his fortunes with William of Orange and returned to England.

He spent his last years in studious leisure.

The work for which Locke is most widely known is the "Essay on the Human Understanding." He made the first sketch of it in 1670, when he was thirty-eight years old, and finished it seventeen years later. It was published in 1690. It was suggested in a discussion with five or six friends at Oxford, when the question arose as to what subjects our understandings are or are not fitted to deal with.

The object of the completed "essay," which was the product of meditation continued through many years, was to inquire into the origin, certainty, and extent of human knowledge. The theory is developed that our natural faculties are capable of forming every notion that we possess; that the action of these faculties takes its rise from experience, and that the mind may, therefore, be compared to a sheet of white paper void of all characters till the events of time inscribe them.

The book was bitterly attacked, and the celebrity of its author as a friend of civil and religious liberty, with the attempts made at Oxford to prevent the students from reading the work, gave it an immediate and extensive success.

On August 29, 1664, New Amsterdam surrendered to the English and became New York. It is the birthday of John Henry Lambert, the German philosopher (1728); Richard Rush, Secretary of the Treasury under J. Q. Adams (1780); William G. Brownlow, "The fighting parson" (1805); Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet and author (1809); Joseph E. MacDonald, statesman, known as "Old Saddle Bags" (1819); George F. Hoar, the Massachusetts statesman (1826); George W. McCrary, Secretary of War under Hayes, and David Bennett Hill, the New York politician (1843). It is the date of the beheading of John the Baptist, 30 A. D., and of the death of Edmund Hoyle, author of the "Book of Games" (1769); Joseph Wright, the historical painter (1797), and Brigham Young, the Mormon leader (1877).

AT THE HOTELS.

Washington is a most beautiful city, according to Capt. E. L. T. Leathem, of the British navy, who is registered at the Shoreham from London. The English navy officer is a six-footer and is, comparatively speaking, a young man. He has the frank ways and outspoken manners of the seafaring man, but declines to discuss matters pertaining to the British or any other navy on the ground that he is precluded from doing so by the rules and regulations of the service.

Capt. Leatham, however, admitted that the American navy is "very fine." "Washington is a most beautiful city," said the Englishman. "I dare say it is one of the most beautiful cities in all the world, and will lead them all before many years in every department of what constitutes a model community. What made a most agreeable impression on me were the handsome, costly government buildings, the beautiful parks, and shaded trees throughout the city, the well-kept, clean condition of the streets, the attractive private residences, and the fine appearance of the people. There is no doubt in my mind that the Library of Congress is the most beautiful building of its character in all the world."

Henri Ducollet, of Paris, who is on his annual business tour of the United States, and was seen at the Raleigh, in discussing his American interests, said: "Business is improving almost in every section of the United States. I have traveled from east to west and from north to south, and, despite the continuous talk about the late financial crisis, I found prosperity everywhere. Cities are growing, and new streets and buildings are springing up like mushrooms. There is energy and vitality on all hands. There is but one fault I find with Americans, and that is that they are too much inclined to speculate, which fact hurts the sale of American bonds in Europe.

"During my long trip," continued Mr. Ducollet, "I had the opportunity to talk with Americans who had visited France, but I am sorry to say that the majority of them have not the right idea of Paris, and do that city and the French people a great injustice. The fault is ours to a certain extent. Very often the interpreters of Paris hotels misdirect the touring Americans there to places which even few Parisians themselves know. That is one of the main reasons why foreigners not able to speak the French language get a wrong conception of French life.

"Our grand Paris is not only the center of gay life, but it is the greatest center of labor of the world. Our university and high grade schools were never attended by as many scholars as they are at this time. We have never had so many foreign students as now, many of them being Americans. Paris is still the great center of production for objects of fine arts. Besides, Paris offers to the visiting foreigner her magnificent palaces and churches, some of them entirely unique in the world not only as architectural masterpieces, but also for the magnificent collections which they house. If travelers would spend more time at our great and magnificent museums and libraries they would get a much truer impression of what France stands for."

Why Men Wear Trousers.

From the New Orleans Item.

In pondering the apparently irreconcilable inconsistencies of this life, the vexed question of trousers must inevitably occur to the speculative philosopher. Why are trousers, and why do we wear them? are questions which no man has solved that thought upon them—until the other day.

Unsuspected of the world, there is in an obscure town of Missouri an intellect capable of dealing with the mystery. After what years of pondering we know not, this mighty brain has brought forth a theory which, like the alchemist's stone, has transformed the base metal of our ignorance into the pure, clear gold of understanding.

In the Democrat, of Benton, Mo., the simple, the inevitable, the tremendous solution is thus unfolded:

"No living man of this age ever deliberately chose to adopt 'trousers.' He was forced into them and all other eccentricities of dress by women. In the very earliest sartorial experience he is swathed in a queer bundle of incoherent bandages by a woman. Later she puts him in cute dresses, so that the neighbors can't tell him from his little sister. Still later she cuts off his curls and puts him in knickerbockers, and he puts on long pants when she gives the word—not before.

"That is all that man has to do with wearing trousers. Women forced him into them in the first place, and now he is afraid to wear anything else for fear of making a sensation."

Of course, there is no doubt about the matter at all now. We wear trousers in subservience to women, and, perhaps, just a little, in fear of the police.

Woman's Contempt of Court.

From the New York Globe.

Do women have less fear of courts than men? It would seem so. The day before yesterday a Federal judge in this city found a woman in such gross contempt of the court's orders that he fined her $3,200. Yesterday another woman declared that rather than find her children—she said she had lost them—and deliver them into the custody ordered by the court she would go to jail.

How shall the phenomenon be explained? Is it because the judge is in woman's eyes merely a man? There may be something in that, or it may be due to woman's experience generally with judges and juries. Judges and juries, as a rule, are much more tender in their dealings with women than they are with men. Man "invites exploitation." He is not difficult in the ordinary relations of life. Why, then, should he be so considered when he chances to be decked out in a robe or seated in a jury box?

It is only the fair sex that is the bold sex when it comes to a passage at arms between the two.

Won't Know the Difference.

From Punch.

Well-meaning Golfer—Er—do you think it quite safe to bring that child across the links?"

Matilda Jane—Oh, it's all right, sir. I shouldn't think of bringin' 'im if he warn't as deaf as a post, poor little chap!

Out of Fashion.

From the Montgomery Advertiser.

"George!"

"Well."

"This auto doesn't make the odor that father's used to make."

Much Safer.

From the Atchison Globe.

It is, as a rule, easier to keep out of trouble than to get out, and also safer.

Sleepy.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

"He says life is a nightmare." "Maybe it wouldn't be if he'd wake up."